

TARPAPER

Jan. - Feb. 79

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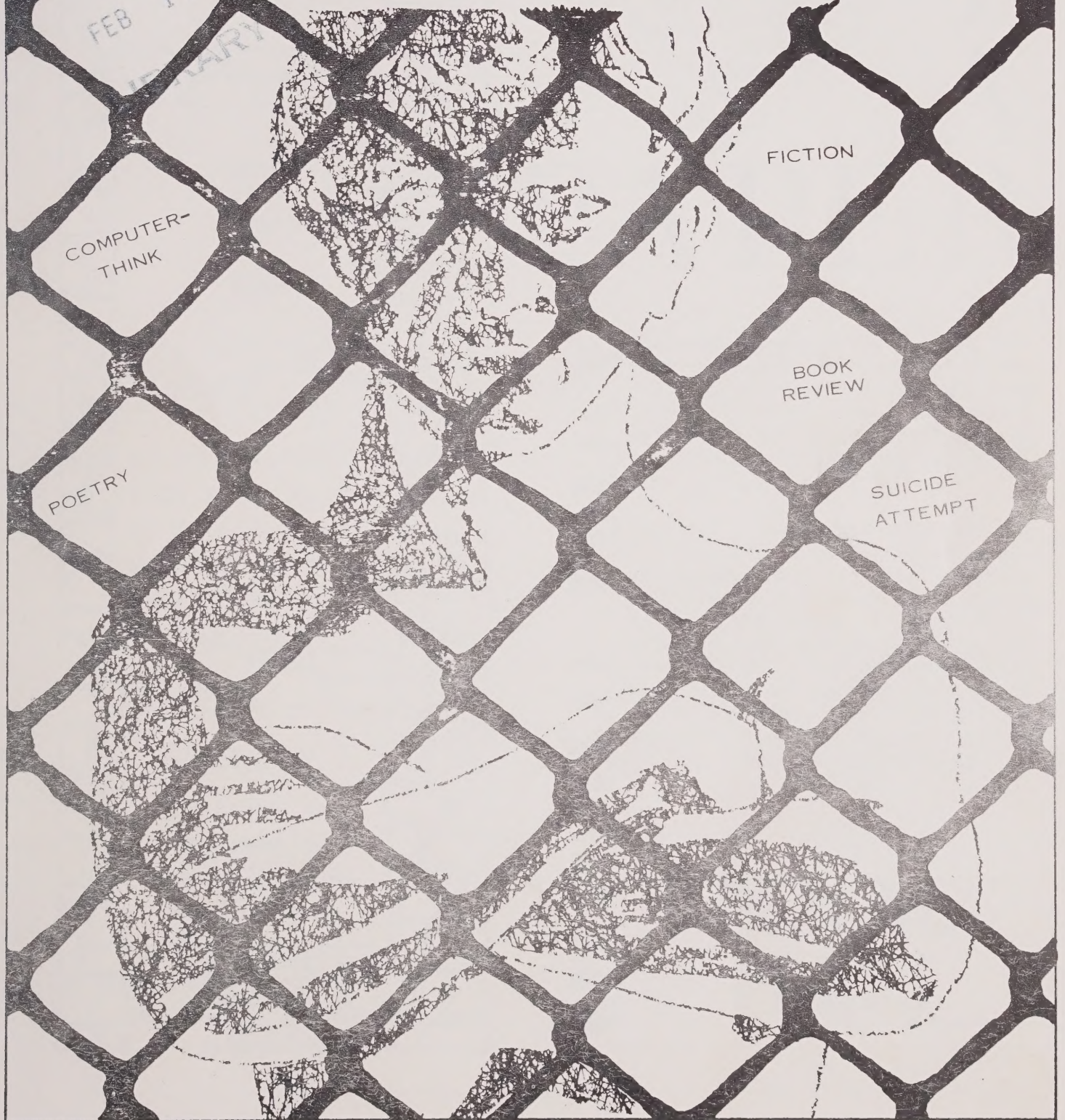
COMPUTER-
THINK

FICTION

BOOK
REVIEW

POETRY

SUICIDE
ATTEMPT





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EDITOR

B.C. (KEN)
HUTCHINSON

HAPPY
NEW
YEAR!

TO EVERYONE WHO
GAVE OF THEIR TIME
SO GENEROUSLY AND
VALUABLY IN GETTING
THIS ISSUE TO PRESS
THANK YOU!

PRINTED BY

TOM TOTTEN, KEN
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T A PAPER

EDITORIAL POLICY

The name "Tarpaper" is derived from convict jargon and is meant to express dissatisfaction with a person, place, or thing. Since the editors have never met a satisfied convict, it seems appropriate for this magazine to bear this title.

Tarpaper is published bi-monthly by the convicts of Matsqui Federal Institution. Only opinions expressed on the editorial pages are the opinions of the editorial staff. Other opinions are the view of the particular authors. The contents of the Tarpaper do not necessarily conform to the official views of either the Administration of Matsqui or the Solicitor General's Department.

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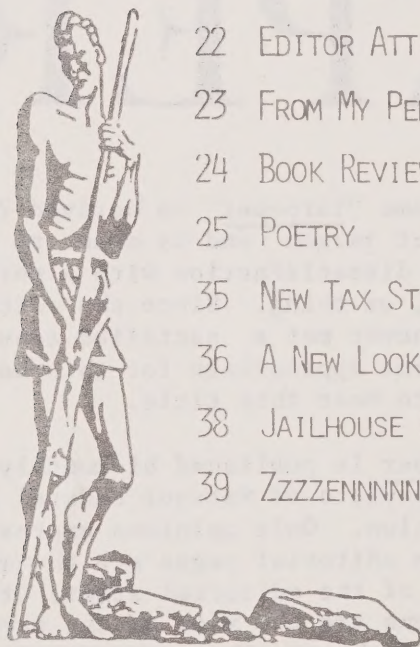
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ANON & 'OMNI'



The opinions and comments expressed herein are entirely those of the Editorial Staff or designated contributor. They do not necessarily reflect the views of the Administration or Staff.

The restrictions imposed, by the Administration, on the material printed in this publication are similar to those governing the editorial content and policy of any "free" publication. We are at liberty to deal with all topics of interest and concern to the imprisoned, providing we maintain a healthy respect for the truth, be guided by the dictates of common sense and avoid the pitfalls of making statements that can't be substantiated with concrete proof.

Permission to reprint any articles or excerpts of articles herein published is cordially granted providing proper credit is given as to the origin of material.

editorial

This is the last issue of Tarpaper that I will be editing so I guess it's about time I did some lauding and some knocking.

Since I first became involved in the Matsqui publication race there has been a censorship problem. From issue to issue, the problem has fluctuated back and forth between tolerable and intolerable. The viewpoint of the censor is that this is a controlled press while mine is that it should only be a responsible press. This problem will probably persist for many more years until there is a drastic change in policy and attitude in the penitentiary system.

In my dialogue with the inmate population about Tarpaper, I have received many suggestions and criticisms about what is and isn't in these pages. Some people have been very constructive with their criticism and advice while others have been very destructive. Thankfully the constructive ones have far outnumbered the others. Special mention must be made of a few people who have been instrumental in making my task easier. First of all, there is Chuck who always has an article or two and can type like the wind. Then there's the old pro Frank Guiney whose advice and praise has always been an inspiration. Last but not least has been the staff co-ordinator, librarian Barb Graham. Barb has helped break down some of the barriers and has never placed any in my way. Thanks to these and the many others who have helped in their own way to make my job a little easier.

In almost every penitentiary facility in Canada, except those in the Pacific Region, there is an annual holiday break in the summer of one to two weeks. This break is a welcome relief from the day to day grind of prison life.

This break can be used by the inmate in many ways: to reassess his goals, get caught up on his hobby work or anything else that he needs time to do, including being just plain lazy for a couple of weeks.

When the inmate's work supervisor takes his annual leave he is immediately replaced for the time he is gone. The inmate gets no break from his work. Obviously, the powers that be must feel that the inmate is so well adjusted that he does not need any kind of holiday from his work.

Up until last year, every Friday afternoon was a holiday for the inmates. This stopped because the administration felt that we should follow as closely as possible the work habits of those on the outside. Thus, five days a week, eight hours a day.

Now, this is very fine if it is meant to better prepare us for a work environment when we are released. But, if that is their intention, why not the whole loaf instead of half. If we are going to emulate the work habits of those on the outside, where is our holiday?

If the people who are responsible for this situation had to work at their jobs for a number of years without any kind of reasonable break, maybe they would have a better understanding of the situation. I'm sure that the administration does not intend to turn us into robots, although at times this seems the case.

If this policy continues there will be more and more frustration built up in those people who could conceivably spend a good number of years working at the same job with no respite whatsoever.

All I can add is: "If a man is a man, treat him like a man; if a man is a child, treat him like a man and he will become one."

Letters

Dear Members and Freinds,

As you will learn from the lead article in the enclosed "Democratic Commitment", the financial situation of our Association is desperate.

At its' September meeting, The Board of Directors responded to that fact by (1) confirming the notices of termination of full-time employment given to our two staff members; (2) approving an emergency budget proposed by President Jim Dybikowski for keeping the office functioning on a part-time basis through Dec. 78 with employed staff coming in two or three days a week; and (3) approving in principle an increase in membership fees, the details of which will be presented to the Finance Committee for approval.

This Board believes that now more than ever, the issues of the day require the effective concern and involvement of committed civil libertarians. It is clear, however, that this Association can no longer respond actively to those issues unless we increase our fees and seek more donations from private sources.

We have not sought your help directly in the recent past. We are seeking it now. More than any time in the last ten years your personal support of the Association can make a real difference to its' existance and its' effectiveness. Any amount that you can donate will help.

Board of Directors
B.C. Civil Liberties
Association

Editor..This Association is one of the best freinds of prisoners and if anyone can help them they would be helping themselves also.

Mail Bag

Dear Editor,

I have just read your Sept-Oct. issue of Tarpaper. I find it very interesting and informative as far as what 'justice' is all about.

I am presently on remand here at the Pine Grove Correctional Centre for Woman in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. I will be on remand until my trial in a few months. But, that is not the point, I will not get personal about my situation.

What am I gettin at....is that I have some poems I have written myself and one poem a friend of mine wrote. We were hoping that you could possibly print them in your next issue.

Your subscription rate is \$5 a year so in the next few weeks I will try to spring it, so that I can recieve your paper and hopefully write more poems for your paper.

I once was the editor for the "Native Sisterhood" in Kingston and helped out with the other joint paper "Tightwire". In other words, I have been around, done time, and most of all read lots of joint papers.

I would also like to get the addresses of the other joint papers that are published in your area as I would like to recieve them also.

Keep up the good work and keep on smiling.

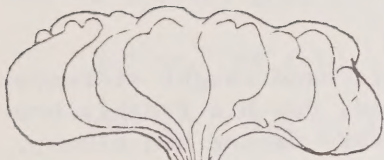
Lisabette Anaskan

Editor..There will be one of Lisabette's poems in this issue and the others will be used in future issues. To the other editors in this area, please send your address etc. to Lisabette at Box 1536 Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

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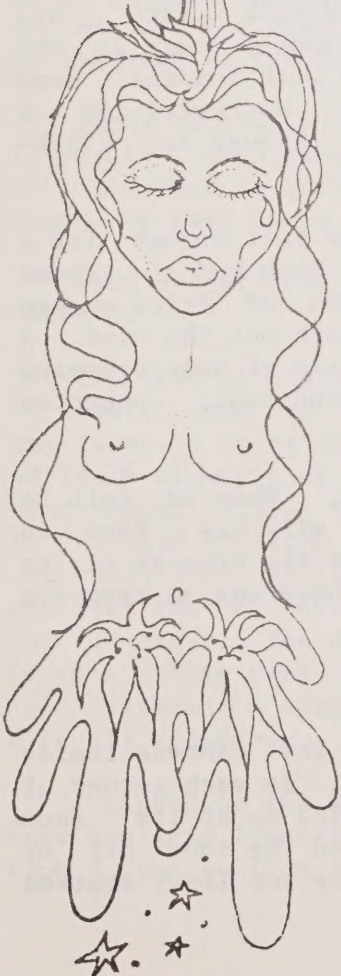


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THE BROKEN HAND

by E. W. Gant

Jimmy and I moved along the frozen surface of the lake in silence. Three miles behind us, out near the center of the white expanse, sat a diamond drill tripod coated with ice. On the shore ahead of us were two dingy tents half hidden in a lonely growth of spruce. The snow covered grey stubbled hills looming up behind the tents made us look like two black bugs as we walked off the white belly of the lake.

Jimmy walking ahead of me slipped on the narrow packed trail and floundered into the soft snow by the side. I squatted down on the trail to wait and loosened my parka to let the cold bite at my throat and chest, cooling me away from the beginning of a light sweat.

An hour before, back at the drill, Jimmy had gotten his hand caught sideways between the tightening chain and the hind leg of the tripod. Now his freshly broken hand, the cold, and the hour long walk back to camp, were making him clumsy.

When he was on the path again he pushed his hood back from his scowling face and went down on one knee beside me, stuffing his broken hand back into his pocket. Our breath steamed into the forty below air as we looked out at the silent hills surrounding the lake. A mile away a wolf loped with lowered head across the mouth of a bay and disappeared back into the bush. We rested for a few moments in the stillness until the cold started to steal through our clothing. Then we moved on towards the tents.

They were good tents for wintering in, big and square and tall enough for a six-foot-four man like myself to stand in without stooping. Each had a canvas snow apron over the top, a plywood floor and a stove. Chunks of dried muskeg were banked along the outside of the canvas walls to help block out the wind. A woman cook lived in the first tent, serving us satisfying meals of meat dripping with the hot fat craved by men who live in the cold. The second tent, connected to the first by a path, was where we slept.

As we moved off the edge of the lake Jimmy slipped again. When he fell he twisted his body to keep from falling on his hand and landed with his face in the snow. He spit out a curse word in Cree, kicking back at the snow as if to get even. The sound of his voice carried to the tents, but there was no response.

"The cook must be asleep," I said.

We moved up the path to the second tent and went in. The dimness inside relieved the eyes after the snow-hard brightness of the lake. In each corner of the tent there was a bunk with an eiderdown sleeping bag rolled up at its foot. Jimmy sat down shakily without removing his parka. I tramped the snow off my boots and went over to the stove in the center. Opening up the top lid I stacked dry wood on top of the slowly burning green.

Using his teeth Jimmy pulled the mitt off his good hand, then eased his broken one into the open. I looked over at it as I shucked my parka. The fingers appeared unbroken but the hand itself was bent into only half its proper width and two broken bones poked their jagged ends against the skin on the back.

I had a bottle of Canadian Club stashed in my duffle bag. I dug it out, cracked the seal and took it over to him. He took a small swallow, waited for it to settle, then took two more each longer than the one before. He drank well for a seventeen-year-old. I checked the fire to see that it was catching and then sat down on my bunk. Jimmy stared sadly at the far wall, drinking methodically.

"When the foreman comes in tonight," I said, "he'll radio the Company and they'll send out the plane in the morning to fly you to town."

"No!" he said. "I can't go to town. The Company will fire me."

"Well, sure. They usually do that to keep their compensation rates down. But that means nothing. They'll pay your hospital bills and hire you back as soon as you're better. They did that to me once when I got gangrene from an axe cut."

"Not me," he said.

"Why not? You're a good worker."

He looked at me like I was uselessly stupid. "Sure, I'm a good worker, White man." He took another drink. His throat clenched on the last swallow as it tried to come up. The fire in the tin stove hissed and crackled as the green wood passed its heat to the dry.

Jimmy carefully set the half empty bottle onto the floor. Then he pried gently at his broken hand. He wanted to flatten it but I could see that it hurt like hell and that he couldn't will himself to pry hard enough to get it back into shape. He gave it up and sat staring at the floor.

Then he got down on his knees, placed his broken hand on the floor and said, "Step on it."

I looked at his lowered head for a moment then got up from my bunk and walked slowly over to stand in front of him. I placed the heel of my boot on the floor in front of his fingers and lowered the sole onto his hand. The cramped flesh slowly gave under the pressure and flattened onto the floor. Jimmy's head sagged. I kept the hand pinned for several seconds to give the muscles time to get used to being back in position. A low whine started deep in his throat and built into an agonizing cry, but he did not try to move his hand until I released the pressure. Then he hunched back cradling the hand, bowing backwards and forwards in the dimness of the tent until the worst of the pain had subsided. He then rolled back onto his bunk, faced into the wall and closed his eyes. His body shivered in spasms as I loosened the lacings on his boots and covered him with his eiderdown.

I picked up the half-full bottle and went back to sit on my bunk. I don't know how long I watched him but the tent was starting to darken before I finally took a long swallow from the bottle and laid down to sleep.

fini

THE GIRL WHO BROKE ALL TABOOS

(A Legend of The Eastern Arctic)

by Rainer Schuenemann

Once, long ago, in the old, old days, when all the men were good kayak paddlers and all the women clever with their needles, there lived a strong man who had many sons and one small daughter. She was the youngest of his children and he and his wife and all her brothers were very fond of her. They spoilt her all the time.

If any of the sons brought in fresh cod fish they gave the eyes to Nauya the Seagull, for that was her name. When her mother cut up a seal the choice little bits went to Nauya as a matter of course. In spite of all this, she grew up to be strong and beautiful. She was also a very good runner, much faster than anybody else in the village.

Now it happened that the strong man, her father, her mother, and all of her brothers were old-fashioned and very careful to observe all the taboos and never did anything that might offend the spirits. They went to great lengths to avoid irritating even the weakest and least important of the strange beings thought to exist invisibly all around them watching people while they traveled, hunted, fished, or even while they slept. It was a nuisance of course, but it all had to be done.

Nauya didn't believe in all these spirits and she laughed at the strong man and her family for being so easily fooled.

"When have you ever seen a spirit?" she would ask scornfully. "Never of course."

"Well, perhaps not," her brothers would answer. "But old Anory, the medicine man, has, and he can describe them in every feature."

"Describe them!" scoffed Nauya. "So could I describe them, and make up much more horrible ones than he has ever imagined. What about the one that sucks the brains from the weasels' skulls?"

"Oh! Stop! Stop! There's no such spirit. You just made it up." they shouted in unison.

"Of course I did. Just as old Anory makes them up. There's no truth to any of it." she admitted.

"Don't be so sure of that," they answered. "One of these days you'll do something really bad, and then the spirits will be after you and there will be nothing we can do to save you."

Nauya paid no attention to their warnings. In fact, she seemed to go out of her way to get into trouble and do things that were taboo. People didn't know about it at first for the strong man and her family tried to keep from the rest of the village the fact that she was always breaking taboos. They were sure that the villagers would be very angry if they knew and would force her to confess what she had done.

One day her brothers were cutting up some seal meat, using small knives in the way it was supposed to be done. Because the meat was hard and frozen they were having a lot of trouble with it. Nauya watched them for a while and then picked up a stone axe that was lying near, elbowed her way to the seal meat and quickly chopped it up with a few blows.

"Stop! Stop! they all shouted. "You know very well you must not cut frozen seal meat with an axe."

"Of course I know it," she laughed. "And I see that the meat is now cut up and nobody is the worse for it."

One hot summer day she went for a walk with her brothers and they scrambled up a low iceberg that was stranded on the beach. Right up on top they found a pool of fresh sweet water formed by the melting ice.

"Oh, good!" shouted Nauya. "Water. Just what I needed."

She lay down to drink from the pool before any of her brothers could stop her. "Don't!" they cried. "You know you shouldn't drink fresh water from an iceberg."

"Of course I know it. It won't kill me," she taunted.

And so she went on. Doing all sorts of things she knew she shouldn't, breaking all the taboos she could think of. Now every well-educated Eskimo of those days knew that the spirits noted every taboo that was broken and that, sooner or later, trouble would follow. Therefore, it was not difficult for Nauya's family to understand the cause of the accidents and disasters of all sorts that began to afflict the village. Anory, the old medicine man, slipped while hunting a polar bear and broke his leg. It was just good luck that the bear didn't kill him. One of the young men was drowned when he cut the skin of his kayak on a piece of floating ice, several dogs in the village fell sick, seals became very scarce, and then, to cap it all, the caribou, usually numerous a few miles inland, seemed to have disappeared for ever.

Nauya's family knew very well what the trouble was and did everything they could think of to make her stop the foolish pranks. She would just laugh and insist that she had nothing at all to do with any of the calamities. Generally it was easy to make peace with the spirits after a taboo had been broken. All that was necessary was for the guilty man or woman to admit the breaking of the taboo, whether by accident or carelessness, to make a public confession, and all was well again. But this, of course, Nauya refused to do.

"Confess indeed!" she raged. "And have every young man in the village laugh at me or scorn me. And now, of all times, just when I hope to get married."

True enough, Nauya was now the loveliest girl in the village and young men had come from miles away to see if she was as beautiful as they had heard she was. They also came to see if they could persuade her to marry them. So far, she had refused every one.

One day, when her mother left the igloo for a few minutes, Nauya did one of the worst things possible. She had often thought of it, but had never quite dared because she knew just how furious her mother would be. Hanging over the seal-oil lamp was a stone pot of good seal meat simmering in a thick rich broth. It smelt delicious and good round islands of fat floated on its' surface. The meat fork lay on the table and Nauya selected a little bit of the well-boiled meat and nibbled it with relish. Then she felt quickly in a skin bag her mother had tucked away under the edge of the sleeping platform in which she still had a good piece of caribou meat from the last kill. Nauya picked out a piece about the size of her fist and plopped it into the simmering seal broth.

Now that was very wrong indeed, for it is most strictly forbidden to cook seal meat, which comes from the sea, in the same pot with caribou meat, which comes from the land. Both Sedna, who looks after the seals, and the powerful spirits who have charge of the land animals would be greatly offended. Even Nauya herself was a little frightened, but she knew the meat would be cooked in a few minutes and nobody would know the difference.

Then her father came in from his hunting. He sat down on the edge of the sleeping platform and stuck out his legs so that Nauya could pull off his boots for him.

"My, that meal smells good," he said. "Give me some of the broth."

So Nauya took the musk-ox horn dipper, filled it, and handed it to her father. "Really good," he said approvingly. "Best seal meat I've ever tasted. Give me a little more and a bit....just a minute. I'll get some myself."

He held out his hand for the meat fork and moved over to the cooking pot. He poked about in it with the meat fork and soon came up with a nice firm bit of meat. This he put in the dipper along with another helping of the good hot broth.

Nauya could not help seeing that this was the piece of caribou meat she had put in. Just then her mother came back and she too took a dipper of Musk-ox horn and helped herself to some of the hot broth and a piece of meat.

"Oh, you have some meat too?" she asked her husband. "I thought there was only one piece left in the pot. I was just going to cut up some more, but I see Nauya has already done so." Nauya said nothing.

Her father had now finished the soup with its' strong taste of seal and turned to the piece of meat. Just as he raised it to his mouth he paused, looking at it curiously. "This smells different," he remarked. "Not like a bite of seal meat at all now that the soup is gone."

"Oh?" said his wife. "Let me smell."

She leaned over to smell and just at that moment Nauya slipped out of the igloo. Her mother stifled an exclamation, her hand clamped over her mouth.

"That's not seal, it's caribou," she whispered, her voice trembling with horror. "And they were both cooking in the same pot. Whatever will happen now?"

"It must have been Nauya," her husband said. "Nobody else would do such a terrible thing. Something awful is going to happen, you may be sure of that."

"We've got to stop it before it does," exclaimed his wife. "This time she must confess, confess to the whole village, marriage or no marriage."

Jumping to their feet the man and his wife rushed out of the igloo and called to their many sons to help them catch Nauya. "Why?" they asked. "What has she done now?"

Almost breathless with worry and shame they told their sons of Nauya's last and most awful sin. By now the other people of the village were gathering round and it was only a short time till they all knew what Nauya had done.

"Nauya cooked seal and caribou together!"

The villagers all turned and looked at Nauya's family in silence, unable to believe anything so shameful. The family stood with bowed heads and said nothing.

"We'll have to catch her," somebody said. "If she doesn't confess and appease the spirits, there's no knowing what will happen."

They looked around to see where Nauya might be. Almost at once somebody saw her, nearly out of sight, dashing along the hard flat sands of the beach. They all saw her and started off in pursuit.

Now, they knew that Nauya was easily the best runner of them all and that the only way to catch her would be to keep her running day and night till she was tired out. This they did, using dogs to follow her trail, and trotted along behind her steadily.

Soon she was miles ahead and, thinking to put them off the trail, she turned inland. Still they ran after her, hour after hour, and when she paused to rest for a moment, she could see them far behind but still pursuing.

On she fled, panting now, and the cold air of the inland hills froze her breath as she ran. Mile after mile, she toiled, panting and gasping for air now, clouds of vapor floating behind her. The people pounded along behind, no longer bothering to follow her trail but guided by the great clouds of her frozen breath. Bigger and bigger the clouds grew, thick and choking, till the people lost all sight of Nauya in the fog she left all over the landscape.

And ever since that day, there have been great fogs in which people lose themselves and sometimes even their lives. All because a bad girl offended the spirits by cooking seal meat and caribou meat in the same pot.

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The Bridge Game

Jerry Trojan

With his mind on the upcoming broomball game against the Elks, Pete stood staring out the smudged window watching the rain splatter and form small stream-lets on the pavement below. It had been raining for three days and the weather forecast called for a continuation of rain throughout the week. "Will it never let up? I can't stand being cooped up, especially in a small boarding room," he said to himself in a low, harsh voice.

Turning away from the window, Pete slowly began to pace the small narrow space between the bed and night table. "I wonder if the other fellows would like to play bridge again? Probably not, since we have been playing it for the last three nights." Without breaking his stride, he walked to the door, opened it and called across the hall.

"Joe! Joe! How about another game of bridge?"

"Why not, there's nothing else to do but sit here and twiddle my thumbs, especially since the hotels are out on strike," Joe answered as he slowly rose from his chair. He stretched and walked out into the hallway, asking, "Who's going to be your partner? I'll play with Glen even if he doesn't know how to play bridge that well."

"I'll play with Dave against Joe, but for having a partner who doesn't know how to play that well the two of you seem to do fairly well. You've won the last three games," countered Pete.

"That's only because we were getting all the cards," Joe replied.

For a moment or two Joe and Pete stood staring at each other while the sound of the rain splattering against the window panes echoed through their rooms into the hallway. Finally Joe broke the heavy silence. "How about setting up the table for the game while I go and get Glen and Dave."

Turning around, Joe left to get the others while Pete set up the table, shuffled the cards, and made up a score card. As he waited the return of the others his mind reflected back to the two previous games.

Somehow something didn't seem to go together, almost as if there was a piece of the puzzle missing. Because Glen didn't know how to play bridge properly both he and Dave would occasionally allow Joe and Glen to explain to one another the meaning of their bids, sometimes even the amount of points held in their hands. No matter how hard he tried, he could not figure out what piece didn't fit and the longer he thought about the table talk that went on, the more uneasy he began to feel.

"That's it. Tonight there will be no table talk. They will have to decide for themselves what each other's bids mean!" Startled by the sound of his own loud voice, Pete quickly looked around to see if anyone had heard him talking to himself. Satisfied that no one had, he patiently settled into his chair to await the arrival of Joe and the others while smiling smugly to himself over his decision.

"Hi Pete! How do you like the beautiful weather we're having?" asked Glen as he settled into his chair.

"Just how in hell do you figure that the tropical rainfall we're having is beautiful? Even the ducks are seeking shelter," declared Pete.

"Oh! Touchy, touchy aren't we? You really must look on the brighter side of things," said Dave smilingly. "How are we going to play tonight partner, use the short club or no trump denial?"

In replying that he wanted to use the no trump denial, Pete also asked, "How about if we don't allow any table talk tonight?"

"No table talk?"

"No table talk."

For a brief moment, a heavy silence hung in the room, broken only by Glen's cheerful voice, "Hey, that's a grand old idea. This way I'll be able to learn more about the game, sort of through trial and error, so to speak."

"Sure," Joe added, "we don't need to table talk in order to beat the two of you."

"Heck, no. Only all the points in the deck and a lot of luck," Dave replied laughingly.

Joe expertly dealt out the cards allowing the silence to build before he answered Dave's comment. "Why, sure, did you think that we are going to win on our good looks alone? We must have something going for us. Dave, why don't you keep score."

"Hold it now! First we can't table talk, now they're going to win by pencil-ing us to death. What kind of game is this anyway, pencil bridge or what?" Glen soberly stated as he drew himself to his full height. Then peering closely at everyone, burst out laughing, "It's your first bid, Joe. Start it off with eight diamonds or whatever you think best."

The game proceeded in that light-hearted atmosphere for about two hours while the smoke from their cigarettes and pipes blended with the dampness on the walls, giving the room a distinct musty smell. It was not until Glen asked, "What does a person bid when he has twenty-eight points and a six-card spade suit," that the atmosphere began to change.

"I thought we agreed to no table talk."

"Now, don't be like that. I really want to know what a person can bid with twenty-eight points and a six-card suit."

Pete began to get that uneasy feeling again. "You have a demand bid which is two spades," he replied.

With a sly smile on his face, Glen peered intently at his cards. "In that case, I'll have to pass. What do you bid, Pete?"

"I also pass." Then staring disheartedly at his cards Pete wondered to himself why he passed with fourteen points in his hand. Reminding himself that Glen had asked what to bid with twenty-eight points and a six-card suit he said quite loudly, "Going to sit back in the bushes this time, are you?"

"Heck, no! I thought that I'd let you and Dave make this game bid seeing that you are behind us in points," Glen replied smoothly, his face void of any expression. "What do you bid, Joe?"

"I also pass."

After Dave also passed, Pete threw his hand onto the table in disgust. From that point on, Glen's continuous humorous remarks irritated Pete to no end. Even the sound of the rain striking the window panes began to irritate him and as the game continued, he began to sweat heavily. Sweating more and more as he became increasingly frustrated, even though the room temperature was a mild sixty-eight degrees.

"What does the score look like?" Glen asked.

"The score is pretty even. It's 3100 to 3050 for you and Joe," replied Dave. "We're both on for a slow rubber. Whoever makes the next game bid wins unless they lose 450 points while trying to make it."

"Joe, did I hear you say that you were a butcher by trade?" asked Glen.

Joe sat staring at him with a bland look on his face. "Why do you ask? You have no need of a butcher."

"I was thinking about what to do in case Pete and Dave win the game." Upon uttering that Glen broke out in hilarious laughter, laughing until the tears started to run from his eyes down into his grey beard.

"I see nothing funny about that comment," Pete stated tersely. "What's the matter, can't you stand the thought of losing?"

"Jesus, man! Do you always have to take everything so serious? Haven't you learned how to joke or take a joke?" Joe said, shaking his head.

"Joe is right, you know," Dave said with a hint of irony in his quiet voice. "We're all losers no matter how you look at it."

"I don't like to be taken to the cleaners every game especially when I'm playing against someone who doesn't know how to play that well," said Pete, grinding his teeth together and squirming uncomfortably in his chair.

"Speaking of the cleaners, next time you go Pete take my blue suit with you," commanded Glen. After allowing Pete to think that over he added, "It has coffee stains on it from last week's party."

"Oh, hell! Let's play bridge."

After the next hand was dealt, Pete saw that he had sixteen points and a six card heart suit, there were also a hundred honors and a singleton club. Upon bidding one heart and receiving a positive answer from his partner, he bid four hearts.

For a long moment, Joe sat looking at his cards. "Double! I double you!"

"Well, Joe, if you are going to double I'm afraid that I'll have t'redouble!" By that time, Pete was too excited to realize that if he lost the bid he would also lose the game.

"What in the world did you redouble for?" asked Dave.

"No sweat, partner, it's in the bag."

After Dave had laid his hand down Pete saw that he had a bare minimum answer with only seven points and a seven card spade suit. He immediately saw that he should have been in a spade bid and began to wonder why he had redoubled. "I know," he said to himself, "Dave should not have given me a positive answer. He should have shut me off at two hearts," forgetting that it was he who had forced the bidding.

Pete saw that he had two more losers in his hand, a trump loser and a diamond loser after the first ten cards had been played. "You only have three tricks, don't you, Joe?"

"You're booked; you can't lose any more tricks. You'll go down two tricks."

Not replying to Joe's last remark, Pete tried to figure out how to avoid losing any more tricks, but couldn't. There was still a boss heart and diamond against him. As he sat pondering the situation, the sweat started to drip from his forehead down onto the cards. Being totally frustrated he grabbed the cards and began to tear them apart.

"That's no way to be. After all, it's only a game," Joe said reaching across the table for the second deck of cards. "You're not going to rip this deck."

"That's it; I quit! I'll never play this game again! All I ever get from any of you is: don't be like that; can't you take a joke; don't rip the cards or any other little thing you can think up about me. Find someone else to play with!" Pete said then stomped to his room, slamming the door.

A heavy silence hung over the room for a moment or two as the three remaining players sat staring at each other as if to say, "What brought that on?" Finally Glen broke into uncontrollable laughter. Also finding Pete's attitude humorous, Joe and Dave joined his laughter, roaring until their sides ached.

Trying to control his laughter, Joe asked Glen, "I'll bet you ten dollars Pete asks us to play bridge again tomorrow night."

"Heck, no!" That's the only dependable thing about him; he's never learned how to quit. He never learned how to accept the fact that he's a born loser. He'll always try to win no matter how many times he loses."

"Well, seeing that the hotels are out on strike and I can't go for a beer, I may as well call it a night," said Dave as he left to go to his room.

"Yes, that sounds like a good idea. See you later Glen," said Joe glancing out the window at the rain swept night.

"Good night Joe."

After they had all gone to bed, an ominous silence hung in the hallways as the sodden night engulfed the dilapidated boarding house.

fini



*"The Law in it's Majestic Equality for All
Forbids Both Rich and Poor Men
To Steal Bread, Beg in the Streets
And Sleep Under Bridges."*

Frank

PUNISHMENT: Part—2,

The Problem of Justification

RANDOLPH D. JONES

Utilitarianism seems to be in direct opposition to retributivism. Unlike the retributivists, utilitarians hold that punishment is itself an evil and that on its own, it cannot be justified. The deliberate infliction of suffering on human beings is only justified if it has some beneficial consequences that outweigh the intrinsic evil of the punishment itself. This idea is expressed by Jeremy Bentham:

But punishment is an evil. But all punishment is mischief; all punishment is evil. Upon the principle of utility, if it ought at all to be administered, it ought only to be admitted in as far as it promises to exclude some greater evil.

An example will help to clarify the position held by utilitarianism; Arnold Ziffel was a burglar. He was good at what he did. He was never short of money or any of life's necessities or niceties. Whenever he began to run short of ready cash, he would simply go out and commit another crime. Arnold never suffered, but his victims, when they came and found their houses had been ransacked, suffered very much and were unhappy. At the poolroom where Arnold hung out (when he wasn't breaking into places), he was much admired by many of his peers. They thought it would sure be neat to have nice clothes and lots of money like Arnold. Some of them even thought to themselves, "Why don't I break into places like Arnold does?" And then one day Arnold was caught. He was given a fair trial and sentenced to fifty years imprisonment. As a result of Arnold's fate, the boys in the poolroom gave up the idea of becoming burglars. And when he was released thirty-seven years later, Arnold said to himself as he walked away from prison, "Boy, was that a lot of suffering. I'll never break into another place as long as I live." And he didn't either.

This example, inane as it may be, helps to demonstrate the justification of punishment by the principle of utility. For the utilitarians, punishing Arnold by sending him to prison for all those years is justified by the consequence it produced. Arnold's poolroom companions, because they saw what happened to Arnold were deterred from following his example and breaking into other people's homes. Also, when Arnold was released, he too foresook the life of crime. Thus, although Arnold was made to suffer, this was outweighed by the suffering that was prevented. For if Arnold had not been caught and punished, he and his companions would have broken into many other places, which would have made the owners of those places greatly unhappy and thus caused much more suffering than that caused by Arnold going to prison. And so, Arnold's punishment, although evil in itself, is justified by the beneficial consequences it produced.

There is only one objection that need be made to utilitarianism in order to demonstrate that it is not an adequate theory for the justification of punishment. As mentioned earlier, one of the characteristics necessary for something to be called punishment is that it be inflicted on an offender because of an offense he has committed. Although the principle of utility justifies the puni-

ishment of people guilty of committing an offense, it also justifies punishing those who have not committed any offense if the suffering avoided by so doing is greater than that caused by punishing the non-guilty. In short, utilitarianism justifies the punishing of innocents. Another example will make this clear.

In the little town of Faraway there had been a rash of armed robberies. This situation had prevailed for months and there just did not seem to be any way to apprehend those responsible for these crimes. In the local pub, where the semi-criminal element was wont to congregate, there was strange talk to be heard. Some of the boys had got it into their heads that they too should start "throwing joints in the air" (should start committing armed robberies) since it did not seem that one had anything to fear from so doing. The robberies got more frequent. Finally, one day the sheriff arrested a drifter named Lucky for armed robbery. Lucky was tried and sentenced to one hundred years in prison. The rash of armed robberies in Faraway came to an abrupt end. Only the sheriff and Lucky knew that an innocent man had been sent to prison.

The armed robberies that were committed in Faraway caused a great deal of suffering. When it began to look as though one could not get caught and so had nothing to fear from committing armed robberies, more robberies occurred and even more suffering resulted. When the sheriff framed Lucky and sent him to prison, Lucky suffered very much. But the robberies stopped and thus the suffering they caused stopped. Since the suffering that was avoided by making Lucky suffer was much greater than that suffered by Lucky, Lucky's suffering is justified by the principle of utility.

In this way, utilitarianism justifies the punishing of innocents. It is not too difficult to deduce from this that the utilitarian theory will not do. The utilitarian theory justifies the punishing of those who have committed no offense. One of the conditions that is very necessary to the idea of punishment is that an offense should have been committed by the person being punished. Consequently utilitarianism does not constitute an adequate theory for the justification of punishment.

The above objection to utilitarianism (that it justifies the punishing of innocents) has been tried to get around by the formulation of what is called rule utilitarianism;

A rule utilitarianism believes that our conduct should be guided by estimating the utility not of any single particular action, but of the general practice of that kind of act.

Gertude Ezorsky

There are two objections that can be raised against this counter-argument offered by the utilitarians. The less complicated objection will be given first.

Rule utilitarians claim that it is not a question of whether or not a particular act of punishing an innocent has utility. Rather, the question is whether or not the general practice of punishing innocents has utility. Since the punishing of any innocent has utility only if the general public believes the innocent person to be guilty, in each particular case of punishing innocent people, a deception must be perpetrated. This deception, the utilitarians argue, may work for the odd case or two, but the large scale and systematic deception needed to maintain the general practice of punishing innocents would not have utility. But whether or not this large scale, systematic deception could be successfully per-

petrated must ultimately depend on assumptions of purely contingent consequences and so does not constitute a satisfactory counter-argument to the claim that the principle of utility leads to the justification of punishing innocents.

For although it is conceivable that this large scale deception could not be successfully achieved and maintained, it is equally conceivable that it could be successfully achieved and maintained. Be that as it may, there is an even more serious objection that can be raised against rule utilitarianism.

At the risk of sounding redundant, let us look once again at the main postulate of rule utilitarianism. It states that it is not individual acts that should be judged as to whether or not they tend to maximize human happiness, but whether or not the general practice of that kind of act tends to maximize human happiness. In this way, apparently, general rules of behavior are allowed to be formulated the following of which will tend to maximize human happiness. So a general rule is set up. In the case of punishment this general rule might read something like:

For crime X, sentence A to $n+$ years.

But of course if it chanced that on some particular occasion applying this rule did not tend to maximize human happiness, but did exactly the opposite and produced much more unhappiness than happiness, a good utilitarian would have to qualify the rule. It would have to be reformulated to read something like:

For crime X, sentence A to $n+$ years (unless more unhappiness would result than happiness).

Once this qualification is allowed (and any good utilitarian would surely allow it), rule utilitarianism does a vanishing act and is replaced by the old version of utilitarianism. For how are we to know whether or not any application of a general rule to any particular set of circumstances has utility unless we examine each individual set of circumstances to see whether we can derive maximum utility by applying the rule? What we are left with is not a general rule at all but various sets of circumstances that must each be judged to see how the most utility can be derived from them in each particular instance. But this is where we started and it would seem that we have come full circle and have arrived again at the standard version of utilitarianism. From this, it follows that rule utilitarianism and standard utilitarianism are the same thing. Consequently, to try to answer the objection that utilitarianism justifies the punishing of innocents by reformulating utilitarianism into rule utilitarianism plainly will not do.

Utilitarianism then, seems to justify the punishing of individuals who have committed no offense, as well as those who are guilty of committing an offense. This problem cannot be avoided by resorting to rule utilitarianism since, if one looks closely, rule utilitarianism turns out to be nothing other than the standard version of utilitarianism. It seems reasonable to conclude therefore, that utilitarianism does not constitute an adequate theory for the justification of punishment. And thus the second alternative is also ruled out... punishment is not justified by considerations of something other than itself.

As a result of the above considerations it may be concluded that neither retributivism nor utilitarianism provide an acceptable justification of punishment. And since, as has been mentioned earlier, these two theories seem to exhaust the possibilities of formulating such a justification, the problem of punishment is left unresolved. This has serious consequences, for if we are unable to formulate a coherent justification for a practice or institution, what grounds have we for believing that that practice or institution is rational. Surely we have no grounds for so believing since it would seem that the ability to justify a practice or institution is exactly what we use to judge whether or not that practice or institution is rational. From this it follows that if punishment can be justified, then it can be considered rational behavior; and if punishment cannot be justified, then it cannot be considered rational behavior. At this point we are left with two possibilities: (1) there is a justification for punishment which has as yet not been formulated (and so the practice of punishment is rational behavior) or; (2) there is no justification for punishment (and so this kind of behavior is irrational).

The first possibility (that there is a theory 'floating' around somewhere that will serve as an adequate justification of punishment, but which has as yet not been formulated), cannot be absolutely ruled out. But what might this theory be like? One is hard pressed to imagine that any reformulation of the retributivist theory is likely to be the answer. Considerations made up exclusively of things that have happened in the past (such as that a crime has been committed) and of the past only, seem just plainly unsatisfactory for a justification of punishment. Consequently, one is inclined to look in the direction of utilitarianism for a justification of punishment. The utilitarian theory at least orientates our actions toward the future with the view of keeping suffering at a minimum. The advantages of utilitarianism over retributivism has been noted by Plato.

No one punishes a wrongdoer on account of his wrongdoing unless one takes unreasoning vengeance like a wild beast. But he who undertakes to punish with reason does not avenge himself for the past offense since he cannot make what was done as though it never came to pass; he looks to the future and aims at preventing that particular person and others who see him punished from doing wrong again.

It seems reasonable to suppose that the only imaginable justification for deliberately inflicting suffering on a human being is if such an action serves to avoid further suffering.

But, even here there are problems. Crime causes suffering. One way to keep crime (and thus suffering) at a minimum is to let it be known that if a person commits a crime, he will be punished. But, by these lights it can be seen that it is the threat of punishment that serves to keep crime and its resultant suffering at a minimum. And, if this is the case, it is the threat of punishment that is justified and not punishment itself. But these kinds of considerations could go on indefinitely and it is beyond the scope of this essay (not to mention the capabilities of the writer) to formulate and evaluate all the different considerations that would enter into the construction of a theory capable of providing an adequate justification of punishment (if indeed such a theory could be constructed).

The second possibility is at least as deserving of consideration as the first. Perhaps it is the case that punishment cannot be justified, that it is not rational behavior. Commonsense seems to tell us that if a commonly accepted practice or institution is inconsistent with an accepted moral principle (i.e., it's wrong to deliberately inflict suffering on a human being), then there must necessarily be some broader principle that can be discovered which will resolve the conflict. But, this merely assumes what is to be proved. If we are trying to determine whether or not a practice or institution is justified, surely we should start from as neutral a position as it is possible for us to attain, and not from the assumption that it is justified. And, if we can find no justification for a practice or institution, we should not let the fact that commonsense or the widely approved public opinion runs contrary to our conclusion that that practice or institution is not justified serve as a defeat to our argument. For it is not always the case that commonsense notions or widely held opinions prove to be correct. For example, at one time the opinion that the earth was flat was widely held. But, the fact that the earth was round was true for all that it was inconsistent with the widely approved view. And, it just may be the case that the same state of affairs exists with regard to punishment.

But, if this is so, what should be done? The answer, as repugnant as it may be to what commonsense calls practicality, is plainly and simply this: since punishing people is not rational behavior, we should discontinue the practice immediately.

It does not, however, seem at all likely that the practice of punishment will be discontinued in the foreseeable future. This may be due to the fact that there is so much of ourselves invested in this kind of behavior. That is to say perhaps the practice of punishment is the result of the emotional, irrational side of human nature. The side (like Plato's unreasoning wild beast) that takes a kind of delight in vengeance. If this is the case, then it is not a little unreasonable to expect to put an end to punishment merely because we cannot justify it according to the dictates of reason.



Let the reformers descend from the stands where they are forever bawling,
Let an idiot or insane person appear on each of the stands,
Let judges and criminals be transposed,
Let the prison keepers be put in prison,
Let those that were prisoners take the keys,
Let them that distrust birth and death lead the rest.

EDITOR ATTEMPTS SUICIDE!

by Scoop McDoop

Recently the Tarpaper's editor attempted to commit suicide by swallowing numerous bottles of correcting fluid and a hardcover edition of Correct Spelling Made Easy. Although overwork and no love life were given as reasons, this reporter has discovered the real facts behind the near tragedy.

It seems that in the Nov. - Dec. issue of Tarpaper, there was an article by Mr. Eric Nicol (remember that name), who was the first of what the editor hoped would be many guest columnists. Mr. Nicol contributed a very fine piece on the newspaper strike and received credit for it, his name in bold-face atop the page, ERIC NICHOL. (This is where my excellent investigative reporting takes place.)

In talking to Mr. Nicol, I discovered that his parents were named Nicol and as a gesture of love, they also allowed him to call himself Nicol. At no time was he called Nichol, always Nicol.

When I discovered this error on the part of the editor I did not immediately inform him as he was busy taking his literacy test (he failed). I first did a little investigative work on the effects such an error could have on Mr. Nicol.

When Mr. Nicol applies for a passport who will they believe? Him or Tarpaper? What if he needs credit? You know what

the creditors will say if they think he has changed his name. What will the oft-striking mailman do when he delivers the monthly mail and finds a Nicol and a Nichol in the same slot? Have a relapse of slowdown?

After cataloguing these and the numerous other catastrophes that could befall Mr. Nicol, I presented them to the editor. He immediately began chewing on a copy of Correct Spelling Made Easy. Thinking that he was justifiably trying to kill himself, I jumped on him and began pouring correcting fluid down his throat (to make him throw up the paper). When the bottle was empty, I tied his arms to the chair and went next door to get another bottle of fluid. Fortunately, he threw up after the second bottle. By this time his screams had drawn some witnesses. After they subdued me, (I was a little excited) the editor was taken to the hospital for a stomach pump and some stitches. The stitches were needed because I accidentally dropped a typewriter on his head while I was tying him up.

As Mr. Nicol will probably forgive this idiotic and stupid blunder, I don't think it is necessary for me to. So I won't. Meanwhile, till the editor makes his recovery, I am the editor. How does "Scoop McDoop, Editor", sound?

FROM MY PEN

ass. editor

Important changes in the status of Matsqui Institution were announced during the last two weeks of December as Tarpaper was being readied for printing. On Dec. 13, the AMS News reported, "Matsqui has been reclassified as a maximum security penitentiary" as a result of a "cabinet decision." On Dec. 18, Matsqui Council termed the reclassification "unacceptable" unless the federal govt. agrees to augment the municipal budget.

Perhaps anticipating the Council's adverse reaction, the Correctional Service of Canada issued a soothing "news bulletin" on Dec. 18. This slick piece of public relations (designed to cover the brain with a protective coating) declared that Matsqui Institution won't be modified fully until "1984" (no pun apparently intended) and that even then, it will be "lower than true maximum security."

The C.S.C. promises didn't sit very well with the editor of the AMS News. In a blistering editorial on Dec. 20, he questioned the very integrity of the federal govt. He reminded citizens that when Matsqui first opened, the govt. convinced civic leaders that "it was intended as, and would remain, a drug treatment centre. For those not quite as astute as others, it could even have been confused as a hospital." But, contrary to promises, the pilot treatment program was phased out [to the relief of inmates who regarded it as almost sadistic]. The editor continues: "Then came yet another change and the drug aspect was de-emphasized with the inclusion ... of regular offenders."

Now, without consultation with community officials, the federal govt. has reclassified Matsqui Institution to maximum. The editor's exasperation is evident, as he reminds readers that a federal election is coming soon and "hopefully a new govt. will find it obligatory to stand by the wishes of its electorate...." As inmates, we can only add, "A-men!"

If area civic leaders and Matsqui inmates are disappointed with the switch to maximum, what of the Members of Parliament who found in 1977 that "there is a bottleneck in the system when minimum security institutions are actually operating below their capacity while maximum and medium security institutions are overcrowded." The M.P.s urged penitentiary officials in Ottawa to make greater, innovative use of minimum security. (In 1974, one third of new federal inmates were first offenders and almost half had been convicted of fraud, receiving, theft without violence, or had broken parole conditions.)

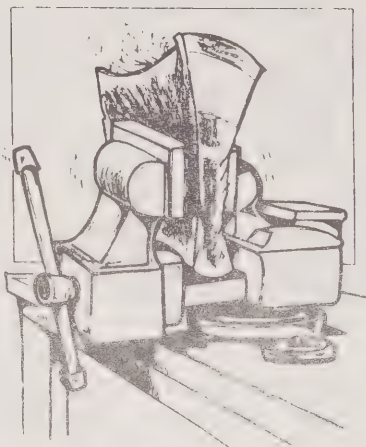
Yet, the Parliamentary Sub-Committee found that two-fifths (40%) of federal prisoners were in maximum security. Data from the U.S. indicate that only half that percentage are classified as requiring maximum security in American prisons. It is no wonder, then, that the M.P.s recommended that CPS take a good look at "the innovations of medium and minimum security."

What has been the CPS response in this region? It has closed Agassiz (a minimum security facility), built Kent (maximum), and

Thus, instead of classifying more non-violent offenders as minimum and medium, the CPS has apparently opted to increase the number of maximum security beds. Of course, overcrowding will be relieved but by means opposite to that implied by the M.P.s.

In contrast, federal and state prison systems in Europe and the U.S. have been developing innovative programs and community correctional centres for decades. Low-risk, non-dangerous inmates are released during the day to hold regular jobs, earn normal wages, and return to the centre every evening. Many complete their sentences with diplomas, certificates, valuable work experience, intact families and some savings in the bank.

(continued on page 44)



JOHN D. MacDonald's

"empty copper sea"

John D. MacDonald has written more than 500 short stories and 60 books including many best-sellers. Probably the most popular of his many novels has been the Travis McGee chronicles. In this his seventeenth McGee epic he has another winner.

For McGee devotees this novel is just another top of the line piece of work by MacDonald. For those not familiar with Travis McGee this is a good time to get your feet wet.

All of the McGee books are interesting and exciting stories and if that's all you are looking for then you will get your money's worth. But if you are also looking for a tale that crackles with intelligence and wit, then this is also the one to read. MacDonald has the knack of making astute and penetrating comments on almost any subject that catches his eye. The amazing thing about this is that he does it in such a way that it is difficult to tell where the story is separated from the comment.

In this tale we find McGee doing his usual salvage operation on the reputation of an old friend. In his search for the truth, he stumbles across all the varied and perverse characters that people the McGee novels. There is the "paste-white

lady with sulfur curls, wearing bull-fighter pants and a leopard top" and the piano player who either wants to kill or love McGee, she's not sure which. There is also a great lady on the beach who maybe McGee is in love with. If his bear of a friend Meyer can pull McGee out of his male menopause long enough he might get the girl.

There are plots within plots, sex, violence, humor and most of all the unique philosophy of John D. MacDonald in this story. Read it once for the story and then again for the philosophy. For either or both, it's worth the time.

MacDonald as McGee: "If I were King of the World I would roam my kingdom in rags, incognito, dropping fortunes unto the people who are nice with no special reason to be nice, and having my troops lop off the heads of the mean, small, embittered little bastards who try to inflate their self-esteem by stomping on yours. I would start the lopping among post-office employees, bank tellers, bus drivers, and pharmacists. I would go on to checkout clerks, bellboys, prowl-car cops, telephone operators and U.S. Embassy clerks. By God, there would be so many heads rolling here and there, the world would look like a beserk bowling...."

P

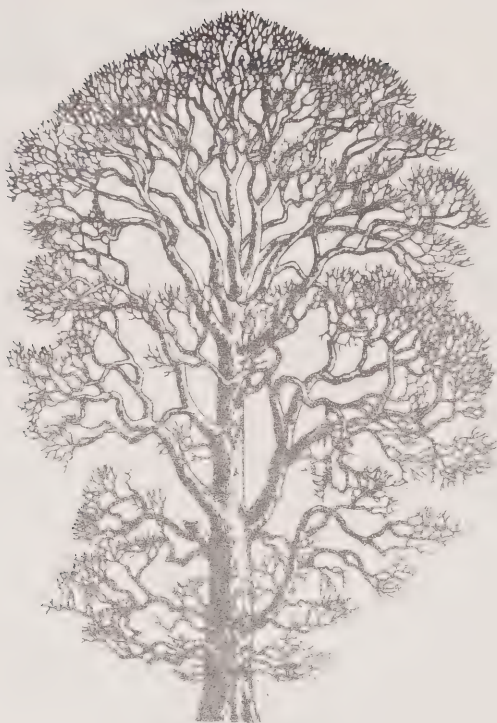
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Last Testament

Temporarily defeated by time
and fate
Remorse and regret that has come
to late

Standing outside yourself
you see
What you were really meant
to be

Soon in the future there
will be time
To make up for faults
such as mine

To turn back pages that must
be re-read
To rephrase emotions that were
left unsaid

When all is done and done
again
Think of a new life without
any pain

No tears, no waiting, no
sad goodbyes
Only the new life with the
sun in the sky

Birds on the wing will rejoice
with the song
That will echo in sweetness
our whole lives long

Goodbye to sadness when
again someday
We'll be rejoined, together
to stay

Billy Kitchen

NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN

Yes.

I know
you wondered
why I left.

I sometimes
wonder too.

And yes
I lied
about the reason.

A rather big decision
for such a short goodbye.

But it was time.

It was time.

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

At Christmas
on the plain
at Koormatung
we fought the Wogs
the savage and his wife
and all the little
Woglets

and piled them high
killed them all
man, woman, child
horse, goat, dog
and all the little
doglets

and then retreated
to the Fort
at Koormatung
and opened all our Kristmas presents

Sergeant Bill got a troop train
and the Captain got a watch
the Corporal got a puppy

and us unlisted men
got a tootle-talk from the Sally Ann
and a Sunshine Bag

with two pomegranates
a fried fig
and a Holy Letter
from some old broad
in Kenora, Ont
who loved us all
in green ink
chapter, line, and verse

even though
we didn't love her back
which I suspect
was dried and wrinkled
anyway

At New Years
on the plain
at Koormatung
the Corporal let us
bayonet his puppy
because

the Wogs were gone

We faced the dawn
and the battlefield
at Koormatung
and wondered
on the Wogless plain

and Sergeant Billy
asked me Happy New Year, Son
and I smiled a little
through the tears

they're all gone

He stared into the sunrise
crushed a seed between his teeth

take it easy, Son

There'll be more puppies
next year.

R. P. C.

The world vanishes
Like a mirage
Leaving emptiness
Filled with silence
As Shaman's work
Voltaic magic
Sweeping my tracks
Off the edge
Of reality.

ALBERT'S NOTEBOOK

1729 is poetry,
think about it
the lowest number
expressed two ways
by the sum
of two cubes,
now that's poetic.

1984 isn't poetry,
it's here.

MARIPOSA

A butterfly phoned
at midnight
and whispered
in my ear
"I'm free."

Thank Christ
the wire-tap
was off.

WHAT IT IS....

Neutron bombs and rock 'n roll
Moonies and loonies and life on the dole
Planet exploding with people and waste
Lost in a rhythm of hustle and haste.

Hucksters and hypers all chasing the buck
No thought for tomorrow, don't give a fuck
Oceans flat black and sky filthy grey
The Energy Crisis the leaders all say.

Porno and prisons, black justice is blind
Hitler and Nixon just two of a kind
Third World emerging crying the blues
All men born equal but who pays whose dues?

Dopers and dealers on all social scales
And people whose business is saving the whales
A carousel spinning and weaving a web
All men are brothers when they are all dead.

*Richard
Wilson*

LOVE'S LAST LOVE

Come to me..my darling
hold me..love me forever
tell me all you want
promise me everything.

Lay next to me
let me feel the tenderness
of your lovin' arms
til I have to go.

Wipe the tears away
don't cry for me
I loved you once before
when I was free.

Things will be different now
you will be without me for some time
but I will be comin' back to you
and lovin' you once again.

ROMANTIC'S LAMENT

i tried to touch you
but i thought you would laugh
i felt your pain
and longed for your release
but is it within my power
to bring a peace to you
that i myself cannot find
why is it always easier
giving fleeting moments away
when hanging on to them
brings unbearable torment
that strangles and destroys
and yet through this
someone else can see light
and if you let them
shape it into something beautiful
but instead fear locks up truth
until blindness becomes the only thing
we see with closed eyes
and pain is all we enjoy

ASK THE SNOWMAN

(For Eddy Hunt)

i hide
behind your eyes
watching me
hang on to every word
that solos
from your spunsilk lips
like blowfish clouds
on a peschiera sky
and listen
to your words of love
with your ears

and yet
i'm still afraid
to love you
because
there's no law
that says
it has to last

and i can't hide
behind your eyes
for the rest of my life

Walter
Orlovich

QUANTRELL RIDES AGAIN

i still remember
you
sleeping wrapped around me
in a bow
like a christmas ribbon
might sits hunched
in its corner
car lights blaze briefly
on its cats eyes
pentareach across ceiling
stretch down walls
yawn
and snap out
soundlessly
so as not to waken you

i watch
the tuesday morning sun
sweep night out the window
with
its old corn broom
i sit up
hating myself
hating myself
for untying you
so
i can get up
and have
my
morning fix

Walter
Orlovich

HELP

GOVERNMENT OF CANADA
NOTICE OF INCOME TAX PAYMENTS
EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, 1979
ALL MALE TAXPAYERS



The only thing the Internal Revenue Department has not taxed is your penis. Mainly because 98% of the time your penis is out of work and the other 2%, it is in the hole. Moreover, it has two dependants who are both nuts.

Accordingly, beginning January 1, 1978, your penis will be taxed according to its size.

Using the Penis Checker Scale listed to determine your category. Please use this information on Page 2, Section F, Line 5, of your Income Tax Form.

10" - 12"	Luxury Tax	-----	\$50.00
8" - 10"	Pole Tax	-----	\$25.00
6" - 8"	Privilege Tax	-----	\$15.00
4" - 6"	Nuisance Tax	-----	\$ 5.00

N.P. Anyone under four inches is eligible for a refund. Please do not request extensions. Males exceeding 12" should file it under Capital Gains.

Yours Very Truly

P.E.T. , PM Canada



What You Don't Know **Will** Hurt You!

Needed: A New Look at Punishments

by Caroline K. Simon

Caroline Simon, counsel to a New York law firm, was secretary of state of New York from 1959 to 1963 and a judge of that state's court of claims from 1963 to 1970. She is also a member of the Board of Directors of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency.

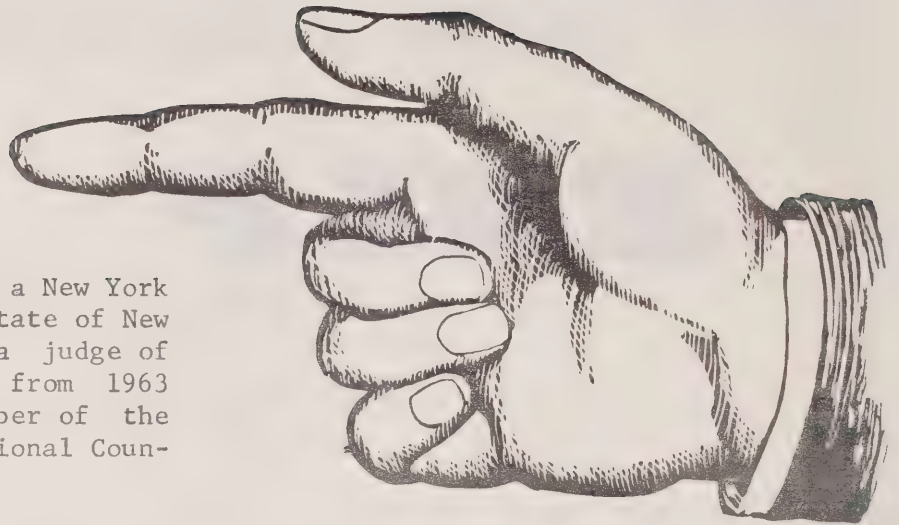
The following article was condensed and reprinted in Liaison (Ministry of the Solicitor General) with the permission of the American Bar Assn. Journal.

The increasing violent crime on the streets of our large cities has created heated discussion on how to deal with the problem. One consequence has been a plethora of proposed legislation that would mete out tougher sentences for many crimes. Mandated sentences for a wide range of crime -- an abomination for most judges -- are strongly urged, and in most cases the mandated terms would be longer and more punitive than those we now have. Recidivism is extremely high and there is a widely held opinion that prisons are failing to correct. Chief Justice Burger has said, "At any given time, two thirds of the persons found in prisons have prior criminal records. There is very little evidence that we have improved the situation in the last thirty or forty years -- indeed it has become worse with the passage of time."

But if prisons cannot rehabilitate, what can they do? The answer, one that we have known all along, is that they can confine. In penal circles, this is expected to be the primary purpose of the prison in the future. "They'll be places to isolate, to punish," says Norval Morris, Dean of the University of Chicago Law School. Is this progress? It is as though having bought at great cost hundreds of institutions and finding them defective as rehabilitation devices, now we must make isolation our major goal lest we lose the value of our investment. There is great doubt that the crime problem can be alleviated this way.

Will mandatory sentences or mandatory minimum terms be a persuasive deterrent to crime? Many people seem to think so, and the administration has put the full weight of its prestige behind the principle, arguing that "The federal code can be modified to make more sentences mandatory, and therefore punishment more certain for those convicted of all violent crime. But there appear to be severe weaknesses in this point of view."

Historically, mandatory sentences have not served to deter criminals, although they have been in effect in many states for many kinds of crime and for long periods of time. When the death sentence is mandatory for a murderer, "juries will not convict," wrote the poet Walt Whitman a century ago when he was editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.



In more recent times, mandatory sentencing laws were enacted in New York in 1973, but a team of researchers at the School of Criminal Justice of the State University of New York has found that mandatory prison sentencing "does not offer the protection it was intended to provide . . . fails to deter . . . is a source of radical dysfunction in the administration of justice."

A survey by *Corrections Magazine* in all fifty states found that 72 percent of all interviewed found no value in mandatory sentences. John Moran, Director of the Arizona Department of Corrections, said he opposed mandatory sentences because "there are no two people alike. There is an increasing trend to sentence according to the offence and not the offender. I don't buy that."

The mandatory sentence is perhaps most deleterious because it gives an illusion of protection. It incapacitates a major sector of the system of criminal justice by denying discretion to the courts. The system cannot be improved by denying discretion when the quality of personnel or practice is deficient. Before it can be carried out -- with whatever benefits are claimed for it -- a criminal must be arrested, charged, and convicted. Any streetwise crook knows that the odds are with him and that his chances of getting to the point of a mandatory sentence are slim indeed.

The havoc that mandatory sentences would wreak on the system is considerable. No judicial plea bargaining could be hoped for since an admission of guilt would gain no advantage and every suspect would fight to the last ditch to proclaim innocence. There would be more trials, more delays, much more work for prosecutors and judges, more imprisonment and detention, and possibly more acquittals. There is very little deterrence here.

Judges would lose to the prosecutors the discretion that many of them believe to be an essential element in sentencing fairly, while the prosecutors, feeling the press of seemingly endless cases, would have to decide whether to reduce charges or not. Thus, the system would become inflexible at the top and rather free at other levels.

The need for a rational sentencing policy is plain and it grows more urgent with the upsurge of yet more

punitive proposals as crime, especially violent crime, continues to increase.

One of the most innovative aspects of the Model Sentencing Act, produced in 1964 by the N.C.C.D.'s Advisory Council of Judges, was its concept of the dangerous offender and the sentences it recommends for him and for the nondangerous offender. The act distinguished two types of dangerous offenders: the individual who has committed a serious crime against the person and who shows a behaviour pattern of persistent assaultiveness rooted in mental illness; and the offender who is deeply and importantly involved in organized crime.

For these dangerous offenders, the act recommended imprisonment for terms of up to thirty years. On the other hand, for the nondangerous offender — the majority of those who break the law — it advocated "probation, suspended sentence, or fine wherever it appears that such disposition does not pose a danger or serious harm to public safety." When confinement of this type of offender is felt necessary, it recommends that it be no more than five years.

Only about 10 percent of crimes reported to the police are crimes against the person and there is some reason to believe that the proportion of individuals imprisoned who are dangerous offenders is even less than 10 percent of the total prison population.

After much debate, in 1973 the board of directors of the National Council on Crime and Delinquency took still another policy position on sentencing. In contrast with the Model Act, which permitted imprisonment for terms up to five years, the new policy said flatly that the nondangerous offender should not be imprisoned. The rationale for this point of view was based on the belief that punishment may be meted out to a lawbreaker without incarceration.

The sentencing alternatives proposed for the nondangerous offender include probation and suspended sentences, deferred conviction on consent, fines, restitution to victims, placement in boarding homes or similar living arrangements. The policy also advocated a massive diversion of victimless crime offenders — drunks, addicts, prostitutes — from the system of criminal justice to social agencies better equipped to assist them.

The policy of no imprisonment for nondangerous offenders is a significant step forward and a dialogue must occur before it can be adopted. Some opponents contend that the N.C.C.D. policy lacks a genuine retributive element. Suffering, they contend, is the outward and visible sign of a community affront avenged.

The most serious charge against the policy of not imprisoning the nondangerous offender is that it lacks a credible deterrent factor.

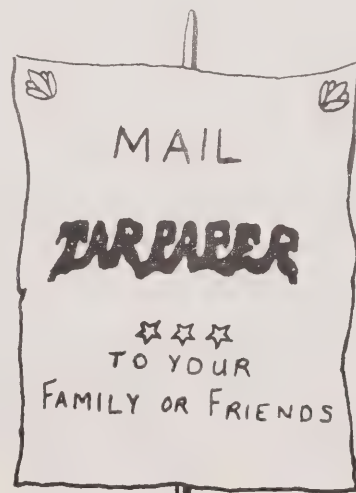
What do we know about deterrence that truly helps us make effective public policy? A guide is surely the findings of one of the most comprehensive surveys of correctional practice completed for the New York State Governor's Special Committee on Criminal Offenders. Prof. Robert Martinson of the City University of New York surveyed 435 correctional treatment programs. Of the number, he rejected all but 231. These had enough reliable research criteria to warrant intensive study. The survey examined all sorts of correctional approaches inside and outside institutions and included diverse treatments ranging from plastic surgery, vocational training, and psychotherapy to simply "doing time." It is somewhat unsettling that Professor Martinson found that "the present array of correctional treatments has no appreciable effect — positive or negative — on the rates of recidivism of convicted offenders."

This widely acclaimed survey says in effect that the deterring of offenders from future crimes is as successfully or poorly carried out in community treatment as it is in prison. There is no compelling evidence to the contrary. If widely differing correctional programs have about the same results in terms of recidivism, the N.C.C.D. believes it is incumbent on the state to use the punishment which is least disabling and, since the law in essence favours the liberty of the individual, to use those means that interfere least with individual liberty.

There are some promising guideposts. In England, for example, new legislation permits the court to order a defendant to perform community service as an alternative to imprisonment. Typically applied to property offenders, the law stipulates that the court order be a sentence in its own right and not part of a probation order. According to the British Home Office Research Unit, approximately 75 percent of those who have received community service orders thus far completed them satisfactorily. The new scheme is held to be viable.

Judges in this country are beginning to break new ground in this area. The Oakland-Piedmont Municipal Court in California, for example, sentences selected offenders to serve their time as volunteers of community organizations. For such crimes as welfare fraud, possession of marijuana, petty theft, and malicious mischief, more than three thousand men and women have served three hundred different health and welfare agencies. The program has worked well enough to be adopted by eight municipal courts and the Superior Court of Alameda County, California. In Phoenix, Arizona, a physician who could have received a one year to life prison term for selling amphetamines illegally was sentenced by a state judge to serve for seven years as the doctor for Tombstone, a town of 1,250 that had been without a physician for four years. The town benefited; the doctor kept his licence; the offender was punished. Is this not rational sentencing?

The National Council on Crime and Delinquency believes the time has come when we must stop relying on prisons as the great corrective in American criminal justice. The prison has played its part in the past. It was a great improvement over branding, maiming, and hanging. But it is not the system we need now for offenders whose presence in the community would pose no significant hazard. It is high time we replaced the cage as the appropriate penalty and utilize instead practices at least as effective, more economical, and far more in keeping with a humanistic society.



CRIME

& PUNISHMENT:

Jailhouse Mothering

from PSYCHOLOGY TODAY DEC. 78

About 12,000 mothers are currently imprisoned in federal, state, and local facilities in the U. S. According to a survey of 60 of them who have young school-aged children, such mothers do everything they can to make sure that schools and guardians supervise their children strictly, punish them if they do wrong, and give them a religious upbringing that the mothers hope will keep the children from following in their footsteps to jail.

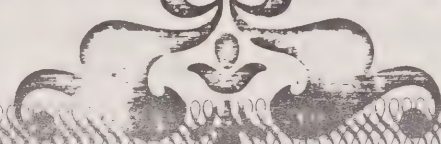
The jailed mothers in the HEW-funded study were all Washington, D.C. residents imprisoned in Maryland or West Virginia for crimes ranging from homicide to forgery. Psychologists James Savage, Jr., and Philip Friedman of Howard University, Frieda Brown of Washington University, and several colleagues interviewed them and administered tests to tap their emotions and their perceptions of the bond between themselves and their children. The women's ages ranged from 20 to 35; the majority had two children, but a large number had four or five.

Most of the mothers worried that their children were being stigmatized for having a mother in jail, and were disadvantaged by the lack of maternal supervision. The mothers saw themselves as normal parents...warm, loving and nurturing. Yet they felt a pervasive depression,

particularly about their future, which they saw as dominated by criminality and helplessness.

The mothers often felt that their communications with their children and the children's guardians were tenuous and garbled...and with reason the researchers concluded. To find out how well the prisoners' perceptions of themselves and their families agreed with reality, the researchers tried to talk with and test as many children and guardians as possible. Finding them was hard. Some children were living with their fathers, but the majority had been farmed out by agencies to relatives, family friends, foster homes, or institutions. According to Friedman, "various authorities" have simply "lost track" of many of the children...and, consequently, so have their mothers.

Ed.: This is just another example of the system gone wrong. The total goal of rehabilitation is supposed to be to keep the family together. As is most often the case here and in the U.S., the authorities are quick to snare the children of a parent gone wrong. This is supposedly done to protect the child until the parent straightens out. The problem arises when the parent is released and finds it almost impossible to retrieve his or her children.



●●●●●ZEN: or, how i got nailed again by the wire monster: ●●●●
 ☆☆☆☆☆☆ plastered against the flesh of virgins and mojo ☆☆☆☆☆☆
 ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆ smoke: THE RISE OF COMPUTERTHINK..... ☆☆☆☆☆
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by  
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To many of us behind the 'chickenwire' (since the 'wall' has become obsolete), our way of thinking is constantly affected by the absence of stimuli. This can be a commendable or a very dangerous situation to be in. The reason is that one can contemplate a personal growth experience as being a built in phenomenon of existence in any medium, i.e., anywhere any place; while other people construe jail-- a low stimulation medium---- as a totally negative circumstance. I am not advocating jail but constructive contemplation, i.e. like knowing who our enemies are or who we are at this time in history. ~

The problem that I wish to talk about regarding the Zen experience deals specifically with the increasing rationality of our existence. That is, having an excuse for everything we do or may do. The contention here is with the changes inherent in this type of mental exercise, i.e., giving everything a ready-made excuse. The jail experience encourages this on the grounds that if

we know ourselves we can possibly change ourselves. But I as a prisoner believe that this is not only useless but outright dangerous in the sense that this type of thinking makes us insensitive robots devoid of critical analysis. I advocate that our existence is a synthesis of emotional and rational components which interact and make up our personality.

The example relevant to this rise in rational 'computerthink' is the all-purpose computer that companies like Control Data and IBM sell to the average business. This technology, built with scientific intentions and now serving political intentions, has been consistently penetrating our existence at subconscious levels to the extent that many disciplines now schematize their agendas in flow-chart forms.

"The computer does many things for us. It provides the high-speed trajectory computations that allow us to land on the moon. It operates a telephone system

that some have estimated might otherwise require the services of almost a quarter of the U.S. population. It is, in fact, well on the way to becoming an alternative kind of 'intelligence.' The next two generations, riding on the miniaturization made possible by the silicon chip, will most likely bring this instrument within striking range of many logical functions of the human brain, among them language. It already can organize and process sequential information much faster than we can. Teach a computer the rule of logic, and it will out-analyze you every time, from calculus to tic-tac-toe. Even now the Cyber 176 computer is providing a serious challenge to human superiority in that ultimate passtime, the game of chess. THOSE WHO BELIEVE THAT THE CAPACITY FOR LOGICAL DECISIONS IS ALL THAT SEPARATES MAN FROM INANIMATE MATTER HAD BEST START PREPARING TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHIP.

One might suspect that this reproduction of left-brain (or logical) intelligence by a machine would make us want to use our own minds in a different mode, one that the machine can't replicate. However, just the opposite seems to be happening. We have become increasingly disposed to attack problems the logical, numerical 'computerthink' way since it's easier to give the work to a brute-force machine than to try to find an elegant solution. Worst still, the powerful logic now at our disposal tempts us to approach design problems in a way congenial to the computer rather than to our own instincts. For example, we now prefer to break a problem down into small parts and then handle the parts separately, rather than view it as a whole. If each element is 'logical' then it frequently occurs to no one that the whole entity may make no sense.

The decline of nonverbal thought in technology was recently noted in the journal SCIENCE by University of Delaware professor of history and technology Eugene Ferguson, who related a disturbing fact. Current engineering

graduates seem to have less and less capacity for visual, conceptual thought. One example Ferguson gave was the decline in students' ability to draw (remember Leonardo), which is so precipitous that "when the National Park Service's Historic American Engineering Record wishes to make drawings of machines and isometric views of industrial processes as part of its historical record of American engineering, the only students who have the requisite skills attend architectural schools." Drawing is a right-brain phenomenon; but as a result of the curricular emphasis on numerical analysis and computers as the basis of modern engineering design, we only are learning to do things the noncreative left-brain way.

What Ferguson is describing is the impending triumph of 'computerthink.' In the long run, concludes Ferguson, "engineers in charge of projects will lose their flexibility of approach to solving problems as they adhere to the doctrine that every problem must be treated as an exercise in numerical systems analysis." These same designers, he notes, will be "unaware that their nonverbal imagination and sense of fitness have been atrophied by an intellectually impoverished engineering approach."

There are, of course, many scientists and scholars who do not accept this grim outlook. Buckminster Fuller, for example, views technology as a solution, not a problem, and Robert Pirsig, in ZEN AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE, advocates what he calls 'spiritual rationality,' a right-brain stroking of technology, in which we sort of meditate on its hard-edged metallic precision as a new form of aesthetics.

But there also are many who sense in technology a threat to our own human superiority. It is understandably distressing to have our analytical powers suddenly topped by a machine we can hold in our hands. A recent TIME



article noted, "Some manufacturers of computer games have discovered that people are disconcerted when the computer responds instantly after the human has made his move. So the computers have been programmed to wait a little while before making countermoves, as if scratching their heads in contemplation. Indeed, many of us now tend to delude ourselves about the impact of technology. A study of attitudes towards computers not too long ago revealed that all persons questioned predicted that thinking machines would eventually replace all jobs below their own. Top to bottom, everyone asked believed his own job was the last one above the water line. The left brain is looking over its shoulder and seeing the computer gaining fast.

But the real threat of the computer is not that it will outsmart us or replace our jobs. It is that we are relying more and more on this artificial INTELLIGENCE rather than struggling to develop our own considerably more complex creativity.

#### HOLISTIC EDUCATION

A countermovement to the reign of sterile logic seems to be emerging, albeit confused and in disarray. Leslie Hart declares in HOW THE BRAIN WORKS, "The great bulk of human brainpower suffers suppression and disparagement because of this witless, pompous, pretentious emphasis on largely unproductive but respectable artificial modes of thought." Obviously, we need to understand the potential of human intuition better if we are to reverse the trend.

For example, how can this nonverbal, nonanalytical strength of the mind be communicated from one to another? The scientist R. G. H. Sui declared in the TAO OF SCIENCE, "One of the chief obstacles hindering its transmission is its indefinable character. Although real, it is as imprecise as an exhilarating spring day. It defines articulate description. It is not dispensed in measured doses. It is absorbed slowly and subconsciously into the moral fiber and intimate intuition of the person

over a long period of time."

There is, at the moment, much talk about holistic education, of developing 'both sides of the brain.' Recently author Paul Brandwein, director of research at Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, recommended, "First of all, teachers should recognize that all decisions need not be liberalized and that students be taken to see things rather than just being told about them."

Interesting, but it sounds a bit like intuitive intelligence is somehow less demanding than rational intelligence. The opposite is closer to the truth. It requires more discipline to be meaningfully creative than to work by rote. Right brain (or creative) functions aren't less demanding; they're just a bit bashful about making an appearance when the left-brain is awake and running the show. Consider how a logical chain of reasoning can so easily intimidate 'better judgement' since intuition is hard to find and to defend. What is amazing about an intuitive thinker such as Albert Einstein (who incidentally, didn't talk until he was 3) is that he learned how to shut off and ignore the kind of thought that is merely internalized speech.

Some interesting progress on the problem of suppressing left-brain functions and opening up spontaneous intelligence has recently been reported by a California art instructor, Dr. Betty Edwards, who discovered ways to enable students to see things without analysis. One technique is to force students to 'scribble-draw,' or draw so rapidly that there is no time to think about the process. Another approach is to make students focus on an object until they begin to see the space around it, rather than just the object itself. Still another method is to assign the drawing of a complex item such as the fine leaves on a tree, so that the attention can only be on the lines, not on an analysis of the object. The effect of all this is reported to be a release of the



bashful right-brain.

What seems not to be widely recognized is that precisely the same techniques were discovered around 1000 years ago by the Zen painters of China. Although they might study techniques for decades, the actual process of painting was completely spontaneous. After meditating on a subject or a topic, until both it and the space it inhabited were a part of his intuition, a painter would then fling down the ink drawing seemingly by impulse, without recourse to reflecting or rationale. The act of stepping back to deliberate on the point was not in evidence. Meditation and the nonanalytical technique had the effect of releasing intuitive powers of the mind while simultaneously circumventing the left brain.

#### ZEN EDUCATION

The Zen masters of the eighth century onwards began what we today might call a research project to find ways to defeat the left-brain and thus expand the right-brain's potential. After many years, they eventually settled on two basic techniques for stifling the dominance of the left hemisphere: 1) meditation, & 2) a structured form of mental harassment.

Meditation, long the mainstay of Eastern practices, is now the subject of laboratory studies in the West. We have found that by sitting quietly in one place and suspending active thought processes, it is possible to significantly alter the measurable characteristics of the brain. But the objective of Zen meditation also was and is, among other things, to alter the way we relate to the world around us. Ideally, the sense of separation, the object-subject relationship to our environment that is so much a part of the analytical rational tradition, gives way. Zen philosophy maintains that it is possible to 'understand' our environment in a more meaningful way by seeing things without compartmentalization, analysis, or any of the other structured functions

of the left brain. Meditation, in fact, apparently allows the mind to supersede these functions. It appears, however, to be more a passive than active approach to exploring the mind.

As a result there were those who came to believe that the objectives of meditation could be realized by more dynamic means. After much trial and error, Zen teachers developed a kind of deadly serious zaniness, whose single-mindedness in pursuit of the extrarational is reminiscent of our Modern Theater of the Absurd. They developed a program of deliberate mental harassment designed to taunt the scholarly mind much the way the Marx Brothers could taunt a straight-man. Take a typical Zen exchange and watch carefully as categories and logic are neatly exploded:

A monk once drew four lines in front of a famous Zen Master. The top was long and the remaining three were short. The monk then demanded, 'Besides saying that one line is long and the other three are short, what else could you say?' The master drew one line on the ground and said, 'This could be called either long or short. That is my answer.'

Or take another example:

A new arrival said apologetically to the master, 'I have come here empty-handed!' 'Lay it down then!' said the master. 'Since I have brought nothing with me, what can I lay down?' asked the visitor. 'Then go on carrying it!' said the master.

Given enough of this never-getting-a-straight-answer, the logical mind seems to burn out its circuits. The conundrum or koan method of Zen is to pose a question that at first seems as though it ought to have a logical answer (what is the sound of one hand clapping?) but which in fact does not. The logical left hemisphere is thus placed in the position of a computer called upon to produce the square root of a negative number. it just

slugs away until it finally throws in the towel. Then, as the Zen teachers say, the chain of causation snaps (i.e., sequential reasoning breaks down), and the mind is ready to explore its capacity for intuitive holistic wisdom. Zen teachers merely demonstrate that the 'left-brain' isn't so all-powerful after all.

Out of this release of the latent capabilities of the right-brain, there developed a novel culture, whose creations include arts that require complete spontaneity (impossible until the critical, nagging rational mind is discredited and silenced) and an aesthetic theory about materials and design that stressed the subtle manipulation of perception (which forces the observer to become involved in the creative process and to experience the work intuitively).

#### THE ZEN UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

It may turn out that the most important insight awaiting us in the realm of Eastern thought concerns right-brain intelligence itself. The question of how to reach this intelligence already seems destined to become the fashionable education issue of the 1980s, as even now we are struggling to attempt to understand--- in rational terms---how the right-brain works. But the Zen teachers, who have been working with this part of the brain for many centuries, would tell us that the rational part of the mind by definition can never understand the workings of the intuitive part.

It is fundamental to Zen philosophy that self-conscious introspection is doomed to failure, since to understand your mind- using that very same mind- is like trying to grasp your own hand or see your own eye. And thinking about the intuitive mind logically is the one sure way never to understand its workings, since if you arrive at the understanding rationally or verbally, guarantees the understanding is wrong.

As a ninth-century Zen master put it, 'Zen formulates the study of intuitive wisdom only to receive and guide beginners. In reality this intuitive insight cannot be learned, for the study of it actually screens it from our understanding.' This might be called the Zen 'Uncertainty Principle,' the proposition that attempting to understand the workings of one's own intuition through rational processes is futile. If this sounds 'illogical,' it should.

#### SUMMA TECHNOLOGIA

The West's romance with rationalism now has evolved its final irony, the triumph of simplistic thought processes, whereby we pay the machine our sincerest form of flattery-- imitation. The longstanding belief that all problems can best be handled using logic and rationality- the more the better- has seduced us into easy dependence on synthetic machine logic. At the same time we have obligingly tailored our own thought processes into the 'computerthink' form, making it simplistic enough to be compatible with our machines. It seems almost a case of our being captivated by our own creation.

Yet few among us would disagree that most really good ideas arise from intuition and only afterwards are they tested by our logic. This logical apparatus, far from giving us new ideas, can sometimes squelch an innovative concept prematurely by exercising too heavily its critical function. The Zen teachers, while believing that the intuitive process is itself beyond rational comprehension, also knew that the repressive tyranny of rationality could be suppressed via various physical and psychological disciplines. And they found some very positive ways to explore, strengthen, and exploit this dormant creativity.

If we in the West are to make this nonlinear creativity work for us, we too must restore the delicate balance between



rational and intuitive thought. We may find in the Eastern experience clues to the release of our own latent creativity. If we succeed in discovering the process whereby our nonverbal, nonrational mind can be turned on, we finally will be able to call on our own creativity---- that fickle 'muse' who now appears at her own convenience-- when and where we wish. And with this may come a quantum jump in the mind's potential for ideas and insights. The computer can then be put firmly in its place, as a servant for all the left-brain chores we can unload, much the way that physical work is being relegated to machines. We in turn can then freely explore that extrarational realm called intuition, a potentially much higher intelligence with which we can create a new REALITY."



"We better start making out the appeal papers right now!"

(continued from page 23)

Perhaps the Correctional Service of Canada should examine the progressive community correctional program operated by the Province of B.C. In 1977, its inmates paid nearly \$600,000 in income taxes, debts, restitution, fines, room & board, and family support. At the same time, the correctional system saved money and inmate participants retained a feeling of dignity as productive human beings.

Of course, we are not suggesting that all CPS inmates are suitable for minimum security. What we do suggest, and what the M.P.s seemed to be implying in their 1977 report, is that a whole range of facilities is needed to serve inmates of all levels of custody, including minimum. There is no reason why the percentage of federal inmates in minimum security can not double or treble to 15-20 percent, as one finds in other countries.

Amazingly, the new C.S.C. plan for the Pacific Region fails to mention a single development or expansion of a minimum security facility. In this area, it lists the expansion of Kent and Matsqui Institutions (maximum). Including the Regional Medical Centre, there will now be three federal maximum security institutions in the Abbotsford-Matsqui area. No wonder some citizens are reportedly concerned that local property values may plummet.



Cover

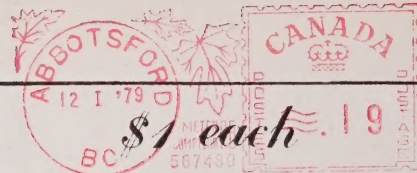
This month's cover was first designed in August, 1974. It was meant to show the fear held within an inmate while doing time. It shows an inmate standing behind a fence. The expression on his face and the crossed arms give the impression of a strong-willed and fearless person.





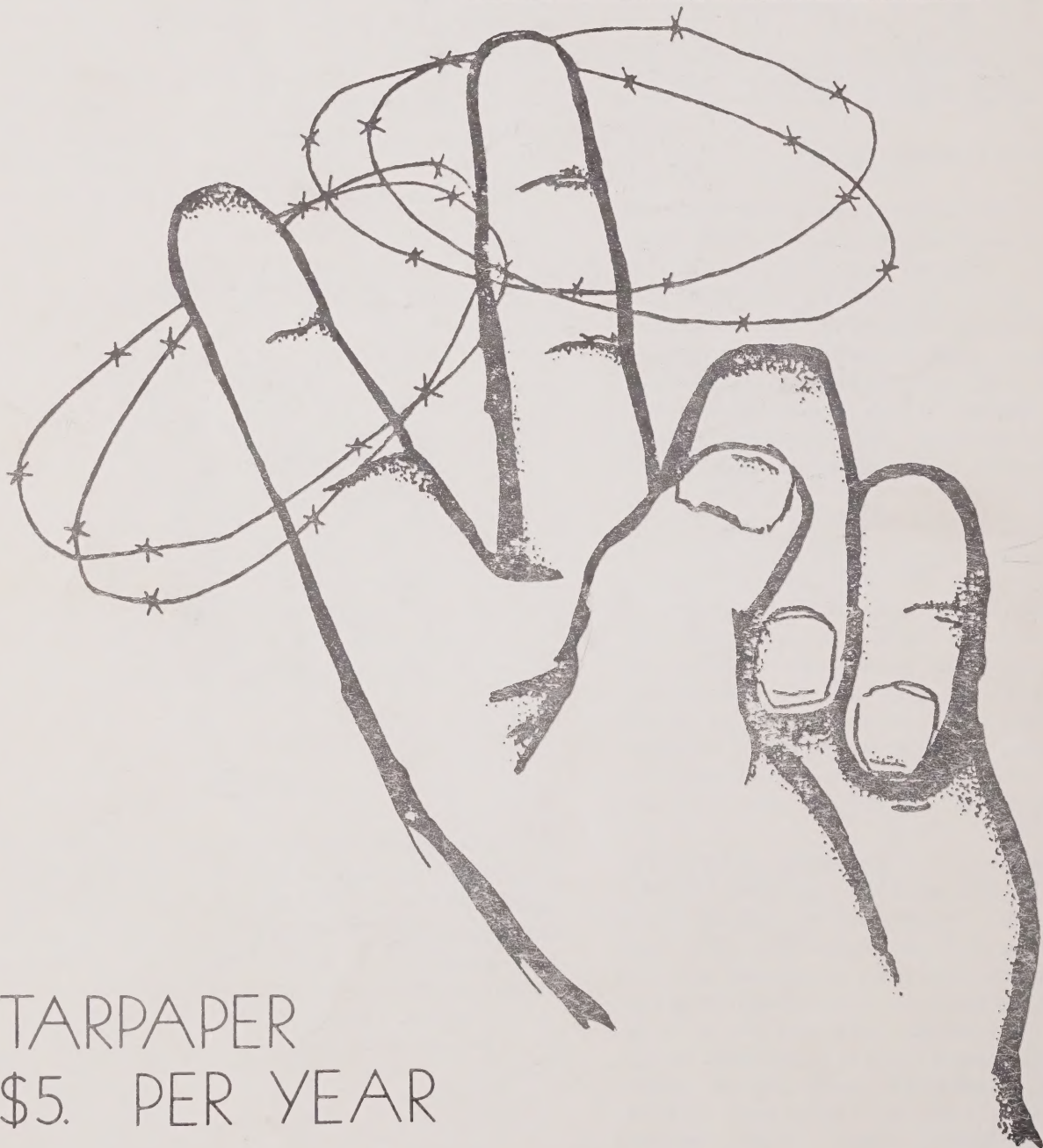
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